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them or not receiving them? Mr. Dannat is the only American painter made a Chevalier; but just the same "honor" is accorded to—among about a dozen other English painters—poor old Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and the anecdotal Mr. Frith, R.A., whose friends ought to have stopped them exhibiting ever so long ago. The gifted G. F. Watts (also R.A.) and Professor Hubert Herkomer (only A.R.A.) are given exactly the same decoration. Now, where is the honor of it all? Go to, Mr. Dannat; find glory in your red ribbon if you can. And you, Mr. Harrison, be discreetly indifferent as to whether the French government make you an Officer of Public Instruction or a captain of artillery.

* *

It occasionally happens that a dealer, whether by design or inadvertence, marks an article with a price smaller than he thinks he should get for it. Has such marking of an article the force of a contract? In France it appears that it has, and that the dealer must sell at the price marked or *pay damages*. It is so also in England, and probably the ruling of the courts would be to the same effect in this country. To a correspondent, a London journal says: "He (the dealer) is certainly bound. The ticket is tantamount to an offer to all the world to sell the article for the price named to any one who will accept it on those terms. A definite offer and an unconditional acceptance are all that are necessary to constitute a valid contract. It is not material that the offer is not made to any particular person. That is so in many cases of contract, *e. g.*, in advertisements, and in announcements of sales by public auction. There can be no ambiguity in the offer where the price of an article is ticketed upon it, as the shopkeeper can have no other motive in putting the ticket upon it than to induce the public to believe that he is willing to sell it at the price marked. After the offer has been unconditionally accepted he cannot revoke it; the contract is complete, and if he does not deliver the goods there is a breach, for which he is liable in damages."

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IN The *Moniteur des Arts*, Mr. Emile Cardon, speaking of the disposition of American artists to go abroad for their subjects, gives the amusing instance, among others, of Alexander Harrison's "Chateaux en Espagne." Of course, Spain has nothing to do with Mr. Harrison's picture, which merely represents a lazy youngster lying on his back in the fields and dreaming away the summer hours.

* *

MRS. LANGTRY has a silver bath. Concerning this important fact, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Bathmakers believe that there is only one silver bath in the world. This was made some years ago for an Indian Prince by a London bathmaker, and he supposes that, the owner having died, the silver bath came into the market, and Mrs. Langtry purchased it. A silver bath is a tremendous affair."

The late Mrs. Mary Morgan, of "peach-blow" fame, had a silver bath in her house in Madison Avenue, and I think there is another somewhere in this country.

* *

ANOTHER little nest of false pictures has been discovered at Paris in a bric-à-brac shop in the Boulevard de Clichy. Some purchasers of pictures bearing the signature of a respectable artist, M. Raffaelli, conceiving some doubts about the genuineness of their possessions, did the only sensible thing in the circumstances, submitted the pictures to the artist. He not only at once pronounced them false, but had the seller shadowed by detectives until he was caught in the act of disposing of another forged picture. His place was then searched, and a large quantity of false Ribots, Rousseaus, Delacroix and Vollons was found, knocked carelessly around to be "discovered" by foolish amateurs of "bargains," rather than of pictures. The dealer was compelled to refund his ill-gotten gains, and the false pictures were destroyed. Their fabricator, in consideration of a promise "not to do so again," was let off, perhaps a little too easily.

* *

A CASE of special interest to publishers who use photo-engraved plates is likely to come up soon in the local courts. It involves the question of the responsibility of photo-engravers for the proper printing of their plates. Publishers who have been put to the expense and annoyance of stopping their presses on account of the wretched work of certain photo-engraving companies will watch the result with interest. MONTEZUMA.

A SMALL collection of pictures by Mr. Henry Mosler is to be seen at Schaus's Gallery. Mr. Mosler is well known as a painter of genre subjects. He affects the picturesque costumes and interiors and the simple manners of Brittany peasant life. One of the most successful of his paintings represents a peasant lad and lass making love, while a grim-looking old woman, mother of the latter, keeps a rod in pickle for her around the corner of her cottage. Another shows a farmer's living room with big box bed and fireplace built in stages in the background. Before the latter a tall peasant stands proudly looking on while the women and children of the household are gathered admiringly about the cradle of his latest born. Several pictures have single figures or heads, male or female, for subjects. Mr. Mosler paints solidly, is very happy in catching the lines which give action and expression, and he colors richly and naturally. Among other new pictures at Schaus's some exquisite *Cazins* are to be noticed. One in particular, with a windmill perched on top of a steep, green slope is full of the out-of-doors feeling which his recent works do not always exhibit.

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THE FALL "ACADEMY" EXHIBITION.

THERE are few pictures of great merit in the autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design, but there are some of great promise. Notable among these are the canvas given the place of honor at the head of the stairs, and another by the same artist—Robert Reid—in the West Gallery. The latter, though smaller and less ambitious, explains the former in certain regards; and we will therefore describe it first. It is No. 392 in the catalogue, and is entitled "Between the Sun and the Moon." On a high and barren plateau, hanging over a wide plain, stands a shepherd girl and some sheep. The roofs of a few houses are dimly seen above the edge of the ridge, and the gray smoke from them rises into a purplish evening sky in which hangs a full round moon. The plain is lost in shadow. A few touches of orange sunlight linger on the bushes of the elevated ground and on the figure of the girl. The effect of these bright touches against the misty purplish background has been carefully studied, and the picture is very harmonious as to color. In the larger picture the artist has made a much more ambitious essay. The subject is "The Flight into Egypt." At the right, and facing the spectator, is the group of the Virgin and Child; the latter, partly supported by the mother's arms, is still seated on the back of the traditional ass, which is quietly browsing on some dusty herbage of the desert, in which the scene is laid. As in the former picture, the time is twilight, and a full round moon, barred by a streak of cloud, hangs over the horizon. On the sand to the left is a fire, the blue smoke from which is carried by puffs of air across the scene. The brilliance of the embers and of the moon is repeated in the aureole that encircles the Child and in the halo above the Virgin's head, with the effect of making these supernatural adjuncts look quite in keeping and therefore impressive. The mere choice of such a subject as this on the part of a young man would be noticeable, but the degree of success attained by Mr. Reid gives the brightest hopes for his future.

A place in the corridor is now definitely recognized as being rather honorable than otherwise. Beside "The Flight into Egypt" it includes some good pieces of sculpture and a few other paintings. A head of a boy, "Inspiration," and a decorative relief, "Cupid," by Attilio Piccirilli; two studies of horses' heads of full life-size, and a statuette of Mr. Joseph Jefferson as "Fighting Bob," by John Rogers, N. A., and a relief, "Peace and Prosperity," a study for a monumental frieze, by J. Massey Rhind, deserve particular attention among the few objects of sculpture. The last-mentioned work contains a large number of nude and partly draped figures, well studied and excellently disposed. "A Florentine Study," a head of a sharp-featured old man with a fillet about his hair, is also by Mr. Rhind, and is a capital piece of modelling.

A good though small nude, "Echo," by Herbert Den-

man, in the North Gallery, is not, as a picture, up to the average of his work. The nymph, in the conventional attitude, with hand to lips, is seated on a rock, with the sunlight shining through the foliage in the rear. All of this landscape is most conventionally treated. Near by hangs a humorous effort by Frederick James, which is more successful than Mr. Denman's idyll. It is a gouty old gentleman in a gorgeous dressing-gown and red bandanna, with his legs done up in red flannel, who is amusing himself with a game of "Solitaire." A very good portrait, by Alice Shea, of a young woman in yellow and black gown, sitting sideways on a carved chair, is distinguished by the enigmatical title "Yellow's Forsaken." "An Old Woman from Dachau," by Robert G. Sprunk, is a capital study of an old market-woman with blue gown and blue-painted basket. Every wrinkle in her ruddy old face tells a story. R. Cleveland Cox's attempt to get color with little but black and white in his "Portrait," No. 58, would be more successful if his handling was less teased. As it is, the lady's white dress, with violets at the bosom, the black piano, the green edge of the music-book and the gray background strike an harmonious note. The action of the extended arms and fingers has been well observed. A bearded negro chef, "King of the Kitchen," by James Fagan, is an excellent piece of brush-work, good in color and lighting. "Bereft," by Clifford Grayson, is an old woman seated with bowed head before the cross that marks a grave in some Norman or Brittany graveyard. It is a simple, quiet and forcible piece of work. "Venetian Fishing Boots," by Walter Palmer, show the familiar red lateen sails in a novel arrangement, with a bit of sandy shore and a fishing-creel in the background.

In the East Gallery is a good character study, unpleasant in color, but well drawn and very cleverly treated by Gilbert Gaul. He calls it "One of Sherman's Bummers." The red-bearded soldier is heavily laden with the plunder of some Southern barn-yard, and marches through the sunlit woods with a loot of chickens, turkeys and other fowls depending from his waist and shoulders. Unpleasant in color also, but very decorative as to design, is Walter Shirlaw's girl bending down a tall sunflower stalk. The lines of the figure and those of the plant are strong and graceful, and harmonize well. There is a capital crowd of Arabs, squatted, standing, gesticulating, gathered about a snake-charmer and his tambourine player, or mingled confusedly with horses, donkeys and camels outside the battlemented walls, in Wordsworth Thompson's "Market, Tangier, Morocco." A portrait which, as to drawing and modelling, is one of the best, if not the very best in the exhibition, is No. 223, by Frederic Marie Vermorcken—an unfamiliar name. Its brownish yellow tone will improve with age. A strikingly good little portrait, perhaps a little too carefully painted as to the costume, is that of Mr. Emil Carlsen, by Kenyon Cox. The pose is most unconventional, but it is natural, and doubtless characteristic.

Mr. Wyant's "Evening" is impressive in its simple composition, and is full of atmosphere; Mr. Chase's "Bath Beach, L. I.," is agreeable in color and bright and crisp in execution. But there are strangely few good landscapes in the exhibition, and in most of those which may be thus distinguished, the impressionist influence, particularly in Henry F. Taylor's red-tiled farm buildings in a flat landscape, "Souvenir of Normandy," is very observable. Thomas Moran, N. A., has returned to his older manner and to his well-known preference for Turner-esque effects. His "Venice" is brilliant, crowded, clever; and his "Sunset on Long Island" shows how greatly an adept at composition may depart from nature without becoming unnatural. Some influence of the late William M. Hunt is discernible in "Milking-time," by Frederick W. Kost. It is a twilight scene near the edge of a dark wood, in which some cattle play a very small part. A good still-life subject is "Country Pumpkins," laid, leaves, stalk and all, on a heavy brown table. The artist is T. A. Brower, Jr. "The Sail-maker," by Edgar M. Ward, N. A., is one of the best things that that clever painter has done. The old man is seated on his bench in a large, bare, whitewashed loft, near a large window, and is stitching a sail, which hangs from his knees to the floor. As a "tour de force" in painting whites it would be remarked at any exhibition, and the characterization and movement of the model are admirable. Joseph F. Mathews's Portrait of Mrs. W.—on a giant-like antique chair overlaid with hammered brasses—and William S. Allen's impressionistic Afternoon, with a blue girl in a blue boat, are also among the remarkable things in the exhibition.